

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

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"EXCEPT YE . . . BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN"

THE month of June is distinctly children's month. Schools close in June, vacations begin in June and June calls us to the fields to gather the flowers. The name of this month comes from a Latin word akin to "Juvenis" which means youth. How can we make the best use of this month? When we are born again we become children of God. Jesus Christ said to His disciples as He took a little child on His knee, "Except ye are converted and become as little children, ye shall never enter into the kingdom of heaven."—Matthew 18: 3. We find in the child faith in its simplicity. The psalmist in the one hundred and twenty-seventh psalm, fourth verse, says, "As arrows are in the hands of a mighty man, so are children of the youth." During this month, may we in the hands of Christ (who is a mighty man) be used as arrows of service, carrying messages of love.

There is an interesting story of two Indian tribes who lived on the opposite side of the same mountain. They were very hostile to each other. Some of the young warriors of one tribe seeking the love and companionship of the young squaws of the other tribe would attach love messages to their arrows and shoot them over the top of the mountain. The young maidens would send their love messages back the same way with the result that in time these two hostile tribes were completely united, the pipe of peace was smoked and they enjoyed many years of peace and prosperity.

We can be messengers of love. There are fifty arrows spoken of in the Bible and they are beautiful stories to tell. One Hebrew word translated arrow means "son of the bow"; another means "flashing and rushing." How interesting such stories are to children. The Bible says "the tongue is an arrow shot out."

Every time we ask or answer a question we shoot an arrow. Let us be careful that during this month our tongue shall be used by God and not by Satan.

June is decreed as the month of roses. In the song of Solomon, second chapter, first verse, we read "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." We celebrate Children's Day this month and what an opportunity on this festive occasion to sow the seeds of loving service in the hearts and minds of those whose characters are so plastic and so impressionable. June is indeed the month of roses. Roses are great linguists. They speak every language in the world. It makes no difference where the rose is, when it speaks the people understand what it says, and love it. How does it speak? It speaks by its beauty and fragrance. Go to our immigrant stations, perhaps you will meet a little girl from the frozen regions of Iceland or from the sunny shores of Sicily. She knows not your speech nor you hers. Hand her a rose. She will smile. She knows you don't have to give it to her. You do it because you love her and are glad to see her. *Loving service is the language the whole world understands.*

The rose is a flower that blooms in every part of the world. China has the climbing white rose. Persia boasts of a hundred leaved variety. From Egypt's sands the rose grows and blooms, and Iceland produces a vivid crimson rose which the natives find as they scrape away the snow to gather moss for their reindeer.

Christ, the Rose of Sharon, lives in every part of the world. Every time we pray we ought to thank Him for the universal reach of His love. How glad we should be to know that there is no man, woman or child outside the reach of Jesus' love.—*Selected.*

HOME INFLUENCE

It would be absurd as well as useless to plead for a reproduction of the manners and customs of the Puritan homes of New England, even at their best. We are well rid of some things which figured in the home life and relations of the near past. Nothing is more easy and stupid than to draw melancholy conclusions from a comparison of ourselves with our great grandmothers. This incessant comparison of the present with the good old time shows the world to have been progressively bad from the beginning. In Egypt six thousand years ago it was written: "Our earth is degenerate in these latter days. Children no longer obey their parents. The end of the world is drawing near." This is encouraging to us, when we feel that it has been given us to witness the unprecedented dissolution of domestic morality. Perhaps it is a necessary balance that the youngest seldom idealize the past, but believe that the past has justified itself by producing them. It is the duty of parents to be regarded as unsatisfactory and defective human beings by their children. That is a sign that life shoots ahead of the mark we make.

Nevertheless, the observation is true that there is now taking place a curious disruption of home life. The extraordinary distractions of the world in general may have something to do with this. With many exceptions, of course, the family is ceasing to be a group sustained by reciprocal responsibility of all members, young and old. The Puritan home, although displaying the parent with too harsh and dictatorial a power, did afford to children a participation in helpful responsibilities. "The importance of the child in the old-fashioned home did not consist in his mere presence, as is the case in many homes of today; but in the service which the child rendered to the family as a whole." The enjoyments and outside interests were like pictures which looked the better because hung against this solemn wall. And so the home—the normal home—contained strong influences which were a good preparation for responsible life in the wider social world. The form of government of the home was not such as we wish to perpetuate; but it did foster a robust sense of responsibility. This is the crux of the question.

Some students of social tendencies take the view that a necessary shift is taking place. The centre of influence must be transferred from the home to the school. They bid us put our faith in the school. There is much to be said for this view. The school will do, is doing, many things, exerting influences, forming codes, training loyalties, which previously were the burden of the home. But I suggest that this shifting may go too far, disastrously far. Beyond a point it is not good or possible for the school to take the

place of the home. Home influences go deepest and last longest. In the last analysis, the school is dependent upon the character of the home. Therefore parents must not lose faith in themselves. Even most admirable parents today are touched by doubt concerning their spiritual function. They must adjust themselves to changed conditions. They may comfort themselves with the fact that some present-day difficulties are not chargeable to parents themselves. But they must also strengthen themselves with the essential value of the Puritan idea. They must find and hold to the equivalent of the old value. The heart of the matter is that parents do not exist for the sake of their children, and children do not exist for the sake of their parents; but both exist for what is greater. The greater thing is not the fashion of the day or social success, but the growth and fulfilment of human personality in God.—(From a sermon in the Church of the First Parish.)

HE LEADETH ME

IN "pastures green"? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways where heavy shadows be;
Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night.
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright
Only for this: I know He holds my hand;
So, whether led in green or desert land,
I trust, although I can not understand.

And by "still waters"? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.
But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

So, whether on the hilltops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there,
And more than this: where'er the pathway lead
He gives to me no helpless broken reed
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.
So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

—Selected.

THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—Kingsley.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECEIPTS

Barberry Tarts.—Cut into small squares a rich pie crust dough, and between each two of these squares place a little of the following mixture: Mix thoroughly together 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup currants, a little candied citron, and the grated rind of 1 orange and 2 lemons, 1 cup sugar, and the whites of 2 eggs beaten light. Bake these tarts until a delicate brown.

Combination Loaf.—Two cups of cold meat, 2 onions, 1 cup carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup beets, 1 cup potatoes, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 cup water or milk, salt and pepper. Mashed potatoes, parsley, peas.

Put the meat, which may be beef, mutton or boiled beef heart, through the food chopper with the carrots, potatoes, beets and one onion; chop or slice the other onion and fry it brown in the fat. Stir the flour with it and slowly add the milk or water, cooking to a thick cream. Mix this with the chopped ingredients and season to taste. Grease a small pan and press the mixture close into it. Bake in a slow oven for an hour and a half. Turn out carefully on a large platter and surround with mashed potatoes and green peas. Decorate with parsley. This with a salad makes a complete meal.

Currant Jelly.—Currants make the best jelly of all, and can be made into a relish to serve with all meats to cook with spices. For jelly, pick over and wash the currants, but do not stem them. Put the fruit in a porcelain kettle and stand in a larger vessel of water.

Steam until the juice is extracted, then pass through a flannel bag and let drip all night, but do not squeeze it. (You can use the residue in other stewed fruits.) For each pint of currant juice allow a pint of sugar (spread on platters and place in the oven to become hot, but do not allow it to brown at all.) Let the juice boil for 20 minutes, then add the sugar and let it all come to the boiling point, skim and fill into glasses that have been sterilized. Stand in the sun until firm. For spiced currants use brown sugar and allow 4 pounds of it to 4 pints of the fruit, 1 pint of vinegar, 2 tablespoons of ground cinnamon, and 2 tablespoons of cloves. Cook until thick, then pack in jelly glasses.

HANDY HINTS

Baked bananas over which lemon juice has been squeezed are delicious with baked meats, particularly with baked ham.

The grease that sometimes shows itself on coat collars may be removed by a brush dampened with water in which salt has been dissolved.

Common baking soda applied with a damp cloth is one of the most effective ways of cleaning the bathtub.

When enamel ware is discolored, clean it with paste made of salt and vinegar.

When the nickel on the kitchen stove has turned black from heat, rub with a cloth dipped in vinegar and the blackness will disappear.

To shut off the runways of mice made in cupboards or baseboards, stuff up the holes with wire wool, securing it with tacks so the mice will not carry it away.

THE DIVINE WEAVING

SEE the mystic Weaver sitting
High in heaven—His loom below.
Up and down the treadles go.
Takes, for web, the world's dark ages,
Takes, for woof, the kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages.
Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle.
Armies make them scud and scuttle—
Web into the woof must flow:
Up and down the nations go!
At the Weaver's will they go!

Calmly see the mystic Weaver
Throw His shuttle to and fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the Weaver seems to know
What each motion and commotion,
What each fusion and confusion,
In the grand result will show!

Glorious wonder! What a weaving!
To the *dull* beyond believing.
Such no fabled ages know.
Only faith can see the mystery,
How, along the aisles of history,
Where the feet of sages go,
Loveliest to the fairest eyes,
Grand the mystic tapet lies!
Soft and smooth, and ever spreading,
As if made for angels' treading—
Tufted circles touching ever:
Every figure has its plaidings,
Brighter forms and softer shadings,
Each illumined—what a riddle!—
From a cross that gems the middle.

'T is a saying—some reject it—
That its light is all reflected;
That the tapet's lines are given
By a Sun that shines in heaven!
'T is believed—by all believing—
That great God, Himself, is weaving,
Bringing out the world's dark mystery,
In the light of faith and history;
And, as web and woof diminish,
Comes the grand and glorious finish,
When begins the Golden Ages,
Long foretold by seers and sages.

—Selected.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

OFFERS

For the following apply to Mrs. Edward B. Beasley, Berwick Ave., Ruxton, Md.

BOOKS OF A RELIGIOUS NATURE

Unitarian Thought. Ephraim Emerton.
 Memoir of Mary L. Ware. Redwin B. Hall.
 Ecce Femina. Carlos White.
 Translation of the Hebrew Prophets. George R. Noyes.
 Memoir of the Life of Henry Ware. John Ware, M.D.
 Lessons on the Acts of the Apostles. W. W. Fenn.
 Nouveau Testament (French).
 Sermons of Consolation. F. W. P. Greenwood.
 Unitarianism in America. G. W. Cooke.
 The Four Apostles with Commentary. Abiel A. Livermore.
 Acts of the Apostles. Abiel A. Livermore.
 Romans. Abiel A. Livermore.
 Notes on the Gospel, Vols. I and II. Albert Barnes.
 Foundation of the Christian Character.
 Confessions of St. Augustine.
 Popular Objections to Unitarian Christianity. George Burnap.
 Pastoral Offices. W. H. Furness.
 Manual of Unitarian Belief. James Freeman Clark.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS

Point Lace and Diamonds (poems). George A. Baker.

Masterpieces in Color of Watts.
 Casimir Maremina.

Ten Times One is Ten. Col. Frederic Ingham.

REQUESTS

1. I want to thank you all for past favors. I have tried to answer everyone, and if I have failed I thank you just the same. Rosa Brooks, White Top, Va.

2. I would be glad to receive some books and magazines, especially the Life of St. Paul and Shakespeare. Would like to get *Cosmopolitan* magazines. I enjoy reading, but am not able to buy books and magazines. Thanking you for past and future favors, I am, yours truly, Mrs. J. W. Kirby, 2309 Ellington St., Greensboro, N. C.

3. I am an old member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, and I have not asked for reading for quite a while. I would appreciate any kind of reading for grownups. I have a silk string quilt started, and I would thank anyone very much for pieces. Thanking all for past favors, Ada V. Wann, R. R. 4, Wills Point, Texas.

4. I want to thank all that have remembered me in the past, and would like books, magazines and quilt scraps or crochet thread. We live so far from the railroad that we can't get things like this, and this is such a hard year. May Morgan, Rupert, Ark.

5. I used to get books and papers from you several years ago, but moved away, and of course

lost trace of the lady who sent them to me. My mother (Mrs. J. P. Wann) has received literature from the *Cheerful Letter* for perhaps twenty years (it seems that long to me).

My purpose in writing you was this: I have four children—the oldest is 7, the youngest (twins) are 2. They especially enjoy story books, pictures, and picture books. Unfortunately I cannot give them all the books and magazines I would like them to have. My two oldest boys, 7 and 5 years old, enjoy Bible stories, and I am trying to teach them the Bible the best I know how. I am proud to say they know a lot about the Bible, although so young. Then "Jimmy," the oldest boy, loves books and papers that tell of foreign lands. He once was given a copy of the *Geographic Magazine*, and it is one of his "treasures." It's worn out now, though, nearly! If I could receive a few copies they would be highly prized, you may be sure. I often hear the plea from him, "Mother, tell me about the 'away off' lands!" Any reading matter, Bible story books, fairy books (they *know* there are fairies!) or anything will be appreciated, and will make their little hearts glad. We live on a Texas farm. Address: Mrs. F. M. Martin, Waxahachie, Texas, R. B.

6. Please send me some books and magazines, as I am fond of reading. I am 16 years old and live on a farm. I love to read good stories. My mother and father are living, and I have one sister older than I am. Minnie Powell, Pera, Va.

7. Please send me some household magazine regularly. We are not able to take a newspaper. We made almost a total failure in crops last year, as it was so dry. It is hard to get necessities, and there is nothing to buy reading matter. Thanking you for every kindness, sincerely, Emma L. Hicks. Address: Mrs. A. E. Hicks, R. 3, Amherst, Va.

8. First of all, I want to thank you for what you have sent me in the past. It has been indeed a help to me, and I hope that you will still remember me in the future. I will be very thankful to all who will send me patchwork scraps for my quilt, in gingham, calico, or percale. I have two dear little boys, one 8 years and the other 3 years old. They would be very glad to get children's books, to suit their ages. My husband and myself would be glad to get story books, or any other good reading that you could send to us. Mrs. G. A. Bonner, Big Spring, Tenn., R. F. D. 2.

9. Would you be so kind as to send me "Famous Legends"? It will be greatly appreciated. Mrs. R. L. Lovingood, Tellico Plains, Tenn.

10. I am a girl who lives out in the country. I am 17 years of age. I have three sisters and three brothers. All are younger than I, except

one. I would be so much pleased to get some books and magazines of some kind, and my smaller sisters would like some bits of ribbon. My baby brother is five years of age, and would like some cards to look at while all the rest are at school, as he gets very lonely. Thanking you in advance, yours truly, Pearl Cagle, New London, N. C., R. 2, Box 161.

11. Miss Annie L. Phillips, Ward A, Western State Hospital, Staunton, Va., wishes to express again her grateful thanks to all who answered her request in the October *Cheerful Letter*, though she wrote promptly to all who gave an address. But it is impossible to express the happiness given by such books and magazines to one who, having lost an old library, with her home, finds herself cut off entirely from the sort of literature that has always made a part of her life.

If this second letter seems to ask for too much, she begs, in excuse, consideration of the above, and the fact that she will be most grateful for *any* books sent. The following are mentioned as those especially desired. All reading matter sent her is loaned all over the hospital, and gives inexpressible pleasure.

Poetry: Rupert Brooke; Bliss Carman; Service; Paul Lawrence Dunbar; John Masefield; A. E. Housman's "Last Words" (published about 1922 or 1923); Miss Millay's "Renaissance," and "Figs from Thistles"; Wordsworth; Burns.

Biography, essays, etc.: Voltaire (especially "Letters from the Court of Frederick the Great"); Montaigne; Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"; "The Mauve Decade"; Gamaliel Bradford's "Bare Souls."

Miscellaneous: Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" (this is *especially* wanted); Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh"; J. B. Cabell's "Beyond Life"; Conrad's "Lord Jim," "Youth," "Aylmer's Folly," etc.; Lewis's "Elmer Gantry," and "Martin Arrowsmith"; Don Marquis's "Old Soak"; any of G. B. Shaw's; any of R. L. Stevenson's Travels or Essays; any of George Moore's; any good Atlas, Otto's German Grammar; the *Geographic Magazine*; *Harper's Monthly*; *Red Book*; *Collier's Life*; English and French periodicals, especially "Figaro"; "Rèvue de Deux Mondes"; and "Courrier des Etats Unis."

12. Estelle Pack of Dabney, Ark., writes asking for quilt material, embroidery and crochet thread. For reference, Rev. Elmer Wattles of Rupert, Ark.

13. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Methuen, Mass., R. F. D., asks for *Psychology* and *Asia* magazines.

14. Mrs. Attie Clark of Sanville, Va., Henry County, R. 1, lives in a very lonely place, and she asks for books for her little children. Also

she would like reading matter of a religious character for herself, something about the Christ.

15. I am an old lady unable to do any work, except wash dishes for my daughter, with whom I live, and she is a widow and getting on in years. I am all lame from rheumatism. I can't even walk to see our nearest neighbors. I am 84 years old, but I can still see to piece quilts, and would be so thankful for a little patchwork. I feel more content when I have some light work to do. Dear friends, will you send me some, to keep my mind employed and to help me to get on while I live? I am very poor and am colored. I hope my color will not make any difference with the dear good friends, and that someone will help me. If I had old pieces I would be thankful, for we all have to try to keep warm while we live here. God bless you, one and all. My address is Mrs. Laura McLendon, Polkton, N. C., R. 2, Box 91.

16. I would be very glad if some of the *Cheerful Letter* sisters would write to me. I live in a lonesome place. I would be glad if someone has some good reading matter they could send to me. Mrs. Sulie Baldwin, Athens, Tenn., R. 1.

17. I am a boy 14 years of age. My father has been dead 9 years, and my mother has been in the hospital 15 months. I am going to a free school and I am in the seventh grade. Would the friends be so kind as to send me some story books? Or I would be thankful for cards or magazines. For reference I give you J. M. Marshall. Ben W. Huff, Spencer, Va., R. 1, Box 44.

18. I want to thank you for the many good things you have done for me and my sister and brothers. It has been lots of pleasure to us to receive the books and other things. We would like to be remembered again this year, if it's not asking too much. We would like books, papers, and scraps, also thread for fancy work. Your little orphan friend, Sadie Adams, Boomer, N. C.

19. Mrs. Joe Dodd, Sandidges, Va., R. 2, is very grateful to all who have sent her things, and would so much like to get flower seeds and bulbs, especially cannas, dahlias, and Dorothy Perkins rose.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Girtha Tyson from Polkton to Oakboro, N. C.

RURAL MAGISTRATE—"I'll have to fine ye a dollar, Jeff."

Jeff—"I'll have to borrow it off'n ye, Jedge."

Rural Magistrate—"Great Snakes! I was only to git a dollar I was fining ye. Git out! Ye ain't guilty, anyway."—*Regina (Canada) Leader.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES NO. 4

It is difficult to distinguish between the needs of the normal and abnormal child. Professor Johnstone, working with defectives at Vineland, N. J., said the way to learn to deal with the normal child was to study the abnormal. By tests and instruments strength and ability were found to increase under praise and diminish with blame. We know children are happy and good with some persons and not with others, that they study better with certain teachers, that encouragement and appreciation help them to achieve as well as their elders, yet we are freer of blame than praise.

This presents the subject of punishments and rewards. We would state at once that there should be none—at least those which are arbitrary, such as are in common use according to the whim or degree of anger of the one in authority. What means of discipline then should be adopted?

Previously we have spoken of experimental use of hands and feet, how the young child may be made conscious of pain he inflicts by holding the arm and causing him to strike himself. This type of self-instruction is the positive system as against the negative or repressive. In kindergarten and school it becomes the Project Method of Education.

Your part is to help the child to realize the consequences of his deeds. Warn him, as "Take care, you will fall (or hurt) yourself," and if not heeded let him do so, although, of course, not to the point of danger.

Avoid "don'ts" and "nots." With older children, be sure before stating decisions, but if "no" is said never change unless conditions are altered.

No child's vocabulary should contain the word "naughty." When first heard outside, its meaning should puzzle him. If used in the nursery, he will test you to see how far he may go without disaster, taking keen delight in the game to your dismay, although you alone are responsible.

If a child craves attention and receives it no other way than by "naughtiness," he will assume the rôle in order to be noticed. Children appear at their worst before those who expect "badness," seeming to feel it necessary to "act the part." If children are not themselves in our company, the fault is with us. How sad it must be not to be met by responsive baby smiles! We always feel sure of those toward whom children and animals naturally gravitate.

To some, positive emphasis as in using the terms, "Be good," "We have to be good," "Do this," "We must do so and so," seems a quibble on words. To them we can only say that experience quickly shows its value. It soon becomes a habit of mind and tongue well worth the effort of acquiring.

When a child does not do as he should in the

home circle or with playmates, he should be put aside "to think," until he believes he can return and conform to accepted standards, when he should be *welcomed*. This greeting, spoken or understood, corresponds to the tidbit given animals while being trained, as reward of accomplishment. The pleasure is associated with the action and causes it to be more strongly remembered. With the child, however, material rewards produce selfishness and only spiritual may safely be employed.

If articles are injured, remove them until he shows he will be more careful, and in case of accident, as dropping a plate in helping set the table, instantly place another in his hands that he may prove to himself and to you that he *can* do it. Many failures in life due to loss of self-confidence come from childish impressions of parental contempt, shown by blame, punishment, or even, with a sensitive child, silent disapproval. No childish act should be final—"next time" will always be better.

When parents early lose children's confidences—later there are other causes—one may be assured it is due to extreme severity of one form or another. Sternness is rarely beneficial; sarcasm, never; while firmness is always essential. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is a myth of the past. There is never a time when better results may not be secured by other means.

We recognize the courage required to discard old forms, but what has been suggested is based on scientific findings and criticism should not deter one from adoption. Statements of psychologists and psychiatrists would be appalling if they did not offer help in child problems.

The so much talked about "Inferiority Complex," common among school children, is due to "babying," "spoiling," or anything which interferes with gradual preparation for the "next step" into a larger and more complex circle of life. Undue admiration of one child in the family, because of looks, brightness, even strength, will often seriously affect another, left out in the cold.

Children should be encouraged along the lines of apologies and attempts to "make-up" for hurts to others, intentional or not, but never forced, as action not heartily entered into makes them hypocrites or puppets, yielding to a stronger will, and works against character building. Readily expressed regret from parent or guardian for accidental injustice helps children to feel it natural to wish to offer apologies.

Normal children should be happy and well. They cannot be the former if not the latter, or in good health if not serene. We wish, therefore, to impress on our readers the necessity of a peaceful atmosphere in the home, that the little ones may sense the joy of the family group.

A certain little girl evolved the following motto

for herself and the younger ones. (As it was evidently regarded in the light of a poem it should be looked upon as "free verse.") "Pleasant faces, pleasant voices, always come to breakfast tables." If the accepted standard was not attained one remained upstairs or returned there, and if school and time pressed, one retired to the pantry to eat in solitude. This illustrates what is meant by obligation to the group—the world the child knows. The fulfilling of growing demands upon him as the field broadens educates him for the future, when he must take his part in the Social Life of the World.

ONE ON THE JUDGE

In a magistrate's court the other day a witness was being examined in a case where the defendant was charged with breaking the windshield of an automobile with a large stone.

"Was it as big as this book?" inquired the judge.

"Why, yes; it was much larger," replied the willing witness.

"Was it as big as these two books put together?"

"Much bigger."

"Was it as large as my head?"

"It was as long, but not so thick," replied the witness, amid much laughter.

WHAT'S YOURS?

A MAN who was in the habit of stuttering was asked why he did so.

"That's my p-p-peculiarity," returned the man. "Everybody has his p-p-peculiarities."

"I have none," asserted the other.

"Don't you s-s-stir your t-t-tea with your right h-h-hand?"

"Yes."

"Well, t-t-that's your peculiarity. Most p-p-people use a s-s-spoon."—*Evangelical Tidings*.

HELP YOU, SIR?

FIRST GUEST—"I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel 'The Palms,' do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place."

Second Guest—"You'll see them before you go. It's a nice little surprise the waiters keep for the guests on the last day of their stay."—*Watchman-Examiner, New York*.

WAGGISH diner (with menu): "Chicken croquettes, eh? I say, waiter, what part of a chicken is the croquette?"

Waiter: "The part that's left over from the day before, sir."—*Boston Transcript*.

THE SEA CHRIST KNEW

THERE are few sights in the Holy Land that stir the imagination more than the primitive fishing boats seen upon the waters of the Sea of Galilee and the quaint and old-fashioned methods by which the fish are taken. It is such pictures as these that carry the mind back to Bible days, for this historic lake in northern Palestine is without question the most sacred sheet of water in the world. One has only to mention that on its shores stand Capernaum, Tiberias and Bethsaida, to show its connection with the earthly ministry of our Saviour. Then it was on the Mount Beatitudes, close to the lake, that Christ delivered the Sermon on the Mount.

The close of the war found the fishing industry of Galilee in a very sorry plight. The fish had been killed wholesale by the Turks for feeding their armies. Not content with taking the fish in the ordinary way, they destroyed them by thousands by means of explosives. As a result the various species of food fish, which had been fairly plentiful in these waters, became exceedingly scarce. By regulating the catches, however, the fish were given an opportunity to increase, and it is gratifying to record that the industry is now almost on a par to that of pre-war days.

Two methods are resorted to for catching the fish—from boats and by handnets operated from the shore. The boats are decidedly primitive, being manned by two to four men, and boasting of a single sail. Their headquarters is Tiberias and the fleet numbers about twelve vessels. They use a large dragnet, from a thousand to two thousand feet in length. Leaving the city just before dawn the boats put out into the lake. If the net is let down fairly close to the shore the haul is made shorewards; that is to say, the net with its catch is pulled on to the shore. In deep water, however, the haul is made direct into the boat itself. It is extremely interesting to watch the fishermen perform these various operations.

Then along the shores one may see the fishermen who work by themselves. These men possess a circular net of fine twine, small in the mesh and weighted with pieces of lead around its edge. To the centre of the net a long cord is fastened. The fisherman holds the net over his left arm and wades waist-deep into the water as the waves roll onto the beach. Soon he marks a shoal of fish swimming about. Stooping down so that he may not be seen, he creeps towards them or waits till they swim towards him. Then, with a swift, dexterous cast, he flings the circular net over the fish. The leaden weights sink swiftly and draw the net over the fish. The fisherman pulls the rope and the leaden weights are drawn together, shutting the fish in the bag of net. These men dispose of their catches in the near-by villages.

A favorite item in the lunch menus at the

hotels in Tiberias is St. Peter's fish, so-called because it is probably the species referred to in the New Testament, which records how Christ told Peter to cast in his line and how he would find a fish with a coin in its mouth. This particular species, the *chromis simonis*, carries its eggs and young about in its mouth, and is the only creature found in the lake that could accommodate a coin in this way. It is about as large as an ordinary perch and very appetizing. There are other varieties, including many species only found in the tropics.

Tiberias, the only town on the lake today, is inclined to be very hot in summer. When the writer visited it in June last the thermometer registered 105 degrees in the shade! The city has a population of nearly 8,000, and is growing rapidly. It boasts of its power station and electric light, pleasure garden and walks. It is now to be given a water supply of its own and a drainage system. Such modern innovations have improved the health of the town considerably, and it is altogether in a very prosperous state.

As the buildings run right down to the water-side the city has no promenade. There is, however, a crude pier and landing stage, and since the war small motor-boats have made their appearance upon the lake. Although the Sea of Galilee is, comparatively speaking, a small sheet of water, being some fourteen miles in length and some six miles in width, it is, nevertheless, subject to most severe storms. These take place especially in early spring and late autumn. The cause is not far to seek. Being surrounded by hills and lying 680 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean, the wind rushes down into the hollow with such strength and violence that in a few minutes a placid sheet of water is turned into a sea of boisterous waves.

At the northern end of the lake lies Tabgha, and here is pointed out the spot of the feeding of the five thousand. Here, too, near Capernaum, is a little creek, and this was the spot, probably, where Christ addressed the multitude from a boat.—*H. J. Shepstone.*

YEARNINGS

WHEN days are so bright and mild
You long for the youth of a child,
To skip from the garden lane
In garland of wild rose chain;
To hop and to dance
And watch for a chance
To spy in the meadow green
A glimpse of the fairy queen,
Awaiting the day's low gleam
To dance near the rippling stream.

—*Mary Burt.*

FLOWER TIE-BACKS

DAINTY curtain tie-backs add a charm to any room. Peter Pan gingham is, perhaps, the most satisfactory material to use for these flower tie-backs. A 6-inch strip of each of the following colors, rose, blue, gold and lavender, and a 3-inch strip of green will make three pairs of the tie-backs at a total cost of approximately 50 cents.

First cut out a paper circle 5 inches in diameter, to use as a pattern for the flowers. Pin the pattern on the material and cut out one circle of rose, one of blue, one of gold, and one of lavender. Cut out four leaves of the green material. Turn in the raw edge of each circle about a quarter of an inch and gather it with even stitches. Do not pull the gathering thread too tight, but leave it loose enough to make an opening in the center of the flower, perhaps $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter.

When the 4 flowers are gathered up, make the leaves by putting together 2 of the leaf-shaped pieces of green material with their edges even, and blanket-stitch them around the edge. Sew an ivory ring to one end of a 24-inch length of rather heavy, $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch white tape. Just below the ivory ring, sew one of the green leaves to the tape. Attach each of the 4 flowers, successively, to the tape by making through the center of each flower and through the tape 4 French knots. Under the last of the 4 flowers sew the other green leaf to the tape.

Fold the loose strip of the tape back to the end with the attached ivory ring. Cut it off so that the ends will be even when a ring is sewed to the loose end. After the second ring is attached, the tie-back is finished. To arrange it on the curtains, slip the curtain between the flowers and the loose strip of tape, with the tape next to the window. Fasten it back by slipping the ivory rings over a hook in the window-casing at the side.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

A PARABLE
(Contributed)

ONCE upon a time there was a man who Went Abroad. For, said he, It doth Broaden one to Travel, and to see Strange Lands, and find how they do things in Other Nations.

And he paid Two Thousand Shekels, and went abroad.

And in the first place where his Ship cast Anchor, he went ashore and looked around, and bought a Cigar, and beheld the sign of a Moving Picture Show. And he said, Aha, this looketh like the good old U. S. A. And he paid his money at the door, and went into a room that was dark, and beheld the picture that was upon the Screen.

And he returned unto his Ship, and he spake

unto his fellow passengers, saying, I care not what ye have seen, for I had the really good time.

And when his Ship cast anchor again, he sought another Movie Show, and did likewise. And thus did he wherever he went.

Now most of the Movies that he saw were made in Hollywood, and shown in the Empire Theatre on Main Street in his own town. And he could have seen any of them or all of them without wandering further than two blocks from his Own Fireside.

But he thought he got his money's worth in every place, and, if he thought so, it is no affair of mine.

Now this have I discovered, that folk get out of Travel what they bring to it and not much more. For the man's own mind and soul and interest in life must be the measure of what he doth behold, whether it be at home or abroad.

—*Safed the Sage*.

INSCRIPTIONS SEEN ON THE BACKS
OF FORD CARS

THE custom of painting humorous inscriptions on the bodies of old Ford cars in which some of the youth delight to ride is country-wide. The Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press* has compiled the following:

"The Ingersoll of Autos."
"Sick Cylinders."
"Puddle Jumper."
"The Stuttering Stutz."
"Four Wheels, All Tired."
"I may be shiftless, but I'm not lazy."
"100 per cent A Meri Can."
"Danger! 10,000 Jolts."
"Little Bo-Creep."
"Honest Weight—No Springs."
"Dis Squeals."
"Mah-Junk."
"Pray as you enter."

EVERY earnest purpose, every trusting prayer, brings us nearer to God. We have the evidence and witness of his being within our soul. As the shadows of night vanish with the coming dawn, so our doubt and unbelief disappear as we live from God, for man.—*Selected*.

OUR own souls bear witness to the teaching of Christ that it is the "narrow way" of self-denial "which leadeth unto life."—*Self-denial*.

ONE in our faith and one our longing
To make the world within our reach
Somewhat the better for our living,
And gladder for our human speech.

—*John G. Whittier*.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

JEAN'S MUSIC LESSONS

MUSIC THAT TELLS THE TIME OF DAY

AFTER dinner Father opened his brief case. "Jean," he called, "Jean, here is some music for the magic box."

"What is it?" Jean came running. "What is it?" and she reached for the record.

Father covered the name with his hand. "You are to find out by listening," he said. Then he put the record on the magic player and turned to his little daughter.

"Are your ears wide open?" he asked.

"Yes, wide," laughed Jean.

"You will need to think about this music," said Father. "I want it to tell you what time of day it is."

Jean looked so serious that Father laughed. "That won't be too difficult if you listen closely, for the music has chimes which will help you."

"Oh, I can count, so that will be easy," Jean cried.

"Yes, but this time you will have to do more than count," Father answered. "Are you ready to listen?"

Jean brought her little chair and sat in front of the magic box.

Then the music began.

At the first tones Jean sprang up. "It's morning!" she cried. "I hear a bird!"

Father lifted the needle. "Your tongue is running ahead of your ears, and telling them what to hear," he objected.

Jean laughed. She put her fingers over her lips and sat down again.

Then the music began again.

As the bird song rippled out, soft tones of singing strings and pipes floated about it. Sometimes their music almost covered the bird voice, as a tree's leaves hide a bird that sings among its shadows. Sometimes it played about the bird voice, as silver clouds do about a bird that flies through the blue air.

Yet always it was quiet and gentle.

Grandmother laid by her knitting.

Mother tiptoed in and turned out the lights. A big, round moon shone in at the window.

Then through the music, from far away, chimes sounded. One—two—Jean counted, three—four—, the bird trilled on, five—six—, the violins sang dreamily, seven—eight—.

Father smiled down at Jean, but nobody even whispered, for the bird and the instruments sang on as though the chimes were just a part of their music. By and by, quietly, the instruments faded out, like shadows melting into darkness; the chimes rang the quarter hour; and then the bird voice trilled away into silence.

Jean drew a long breath.

"Well?" Father asked. "What do you think about the music your ears brought?"

"It wasn't just my ears," said Jean, "it was all of me."

Father nodded. "Yes, all of you," he agreed. "What did all of you think about the music?"

"The chimes rang eight," Jean said slowly, "and a bird doesn't sing at 8 o'clock in the evening, so it must have been morning, but—"

"But what?" Father asked.

"The rest of the music wasn't like morning," Jean said, "because when Mother turned off the lights, it was just right for the twilight." She thought for a minute more. "It's rather confusing," she said. "The bird was like morning, but the rest of the music was like the moonlight coming through the window."

Mother tried to help her. "A lark sings in the morning, but there is a bird that sings at night," she suggested.

"Oh!" Jean cried. "Oh, now I know. Of course it was 8 o'clock in the evening, and the bird was a nightingale! That's why the music was that way."

"What way?" asked Father.

"Evening," Jean said. "I want to hear it over again. I can listen better now I know it is a nightingale."

"When I was taking piano lessons, years ago," Mother said, "I learned to play this music. I remember that below the title there were the lines:

Oh, nightingale, that from yon blooming spray,
Warbles at eve when all the world is still.

That thought helped me to play the music quietly."

"I suppose," Father said, "that it is in order to help people to listen quietly that Richards gave his music the name, 'Warblings at Eve.'"

"What a good name!" Jean said. "It would have helped me to know it."

"But without that help, the music told you it was evening," said Father.

"Let's hear it again," Jean said, "and I'll go over by the window and play I am in a garden listening to a nightingale."

"I'd like to be in that garden, too," said Grandmother.

"And I too," said Mother.

Jean laughed and led the way to the window. "When all the world is still," she whispered back to Father—and then the nightingale sang again.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

ONE lesson from Christ will carry you higher than years of study under those who are too enlightened to follow this celestial guide.

HOME-MADE TOYS FOR THE BABY

MANY a mother, as she watches the gleeful satisfaction which her baby takes in his first rag doll finds herself pondering the question, "Why does a baby love a rag doll? What is there about it that so attracts him and seems to give him such keen enjoyment?"

Strange that the mother herself should be asking this question—that she should not long ago have guessed the answer to it. From his earliest moments what does baby see most often? When he wakes in the morning and when he says good night, what is bending above him? His mother's own face, to be sure. It is his sky—it represents to him the universe and such a happy one, so comfortable and beautiful. In it he reads tenderness and love. To it he looks for an answer to all his needs. But his mother's face holds besides its wealth of love, two eyes, a nose and a mouth. And so these outstanding features come to be very soon associated with him with his sense of happiness and well-being.

Before he is many months old some adoring friend presents him with a rag doll and it is held before him for his royal approval. Instantly he gurgles with joy. And why not? Here again are those landmarks of happiness. He makes no discrimination between the size and texture of the faces. Here are two eyes, a nose and a mouth. He may be puzzled at the immobility of this new one—he very likely misses a sweet something that he finds in his mother's face, but if so he has never let that interfere with his enjoyment of the gift. He has always loved a rag doll and it is safe to say he always will. He loves it for its softness, which is a necessary quality in his uncertain hands, but most of all he loves it because it is a bit like his mother. Just so any toy which has its two eyes, nose and mouth plainly outlined will attract him.

Three toys that have had the approval of many babies are so simple of construction that it is a pleasant task to pass along the directions for their making.

Jerry, a yarn doll, is made from a one-ounce ball of cream-colored Germantown zephyr. Wind the entire ball off onto a stiff cardboard 12 inches long—the back of a book is excellent for this purpose. In winding cover a space about three inches in width. Slip it off carefully and cut through each end. Tie off one-third for the head. Below this tying separate a small portion at each side for the arms. Tie where the wrists should be and cut off the remainder. Tie off another third of the main part for the body. Separate below this and tie each half at the ankle. Go back to the head and tie about an inch from the top—very securely. Pat down the ends for hair and trim becomingly. Embroider the eyes in blue yarn and the mouth and nose in

red. A yard and a quarter of ribbon three-fourths of an inch in width will furnish bows for the neck, waist, and wrists. Three tiny bells sewed down the front will add to baby's enjoyment. With the very best of materials Jerry need cost no more than 60 cents and may easily be made to cost less.

Baby's big sister can likewise be made very happy with a bookmark made of three little Jerrys each about two inches in length. Each one should be hung at the end of a crocheted cord eight or nine inches long and these cords fastened together at the top with a yarn pompon. Any color may be used.

Cutey Kit is made from a pair of old silk hose. Cut them off just above the heel and at the knee. Turn them both wrong side out and slip one inside the other. Fold so that the back seam will run down the back of the kitten. Stitch the ankle end across on the machine, dipping the seam ever so slightly. Turn right side out and stuff tight with cotton. Let the body be seven or eight inches long and tie off the tail. Use several thicknesses of yarn for winding the tail diagonally, being sure to fasten it with a few firm stitches at each end so that it cannot come unwrapped. Make a collar of yarn and finish the ends with pompons. The eyes are made of large-eyed bone buttons, the sort one finds on children's underwaists. Sew them on with black yarn, using a vertical stitch. Mouth and nose are red, whiskers and teeth are black. Three bells may finish the front. If one thinks, however, that the cat cannot be belled, tiny yarn pompons may be used instead. Baby will show his appreciation of the long tail by using it as a handle. Cutey Kit may be made of any color. If one desires a gift that is especially dainty, white or flesh color is lovely, but for general utility tan or gray are best, while black makes a kitten that is wonderfully attractive. Both Jerry and Cutey Kit may be washed with splendid success.

A rattle that has met with the joyous approval of more than one baby of the writer's acquaintance. It is made by wrapping with ribbon one section of a five-inch embroidery hoop. The circle is next crossed with the ribbon and the ends sewed firmly in place. Five bows and five bells form the decoration. For the making of this toy one needs a hoop, five bells and four yards of three-quarter-inch ribbon. It is so light in weight that the fingers of even a very young baby can catch and hold it and the slightest motion sets it jingling in a way that is highly gratifying to the tiny owner.

The making of these simple toys is easy and interesting of itself, but when one has in one's thoughts some rosebud of a baby for whom they are being fashioned the task becomes doubly interesting and enjoyable.—*Selected.*

PRAYER

O GOD, who art, and wast, and art to come, before whose face the generations rise and pass away; age after age the living seek Thee, and find that of Thy faithfulness there is no end. Our fathers in their pilgrimage walked by Thy guidance, and rested on Thy compassion; still to their children be Thou the cloud by day, the fire by night. In our manifold temptations, Thou alone knowest and art ever nigh: in sorrow, Thy pity revives the fainting soul; in our prosperity and ease, it is Thy Spirit only that can wean us from our pride and keep us low. O Thou sole Source of peace and righteousness. Take now the veil from every heart; and join us in one communion with Thy prophets and saints who have trusted in Thee, and were not ashamed. Not of our worthiness, but of Thy tender mercy, hear our prayer. Amen.—*Martineau.*

A WORKER'S CREED

To keep my health!

To do my work!

To live!

Never to look behind me for an hour,
To see to it I grow and gain and give!
To wait in weakness and to walk in power,
But always fronting forward to the light,
Always, and always facing toward the right.
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray—
On, with what strength I have!

Back to the way!

—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain
Why, rain's my choice.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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